Party!

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Party!

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Hannibal gets drunk and Will overreacts

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"Hannibal had gone out with some colleagues for dinner four hours ago", Will said to the empty room. He sat on the couch rubbing his baby bump waiting for his husband to return home. Will began thinking up what had happened, maybe he got stuck in traffic. Or maybe he was kidnapped, the irrational part of his brain supplied. Will began to worry that Hannibal was kidnapped and wasn't going to come home. My I should fall and check on him, Will pulled his phone out and dialed Hannibal.

Voicemail, fuck. Will paced the living room until he heard the foyer door swing open and loudly hit the wall. Will grabbed his gun and walked out to investigate the sound; low and behold there sat Hannibal on the floor back against the door trying to get of his shoes. Will set his gun on the table, "Damn it, Hannibal"

Hannibal looked up at him, "Yes, love?"

"Where have you been? I was starting to think someone kidnapped you," Will said. Hannibal finally got one shoe off, "We-ell, one of the other doctors ordered everyone a round of drinks and then another and another and... well you know."

Will sighed and went up to their bedroom. Soon Hannibal climbed into the bed and laid his head on Will's bump, "I'm sorry dear I didn't mean to worry you."

Will ran his hand through Hannibal's hair watching it stand up at weird angles, "It's okay. I might have overreacted."

"I think so," Hannibal chuckled. He drew random patterns on Will's belly with his hand and laughed when the baby pushed against his fingers. Will couldn't help but smile at Hannibal's dorky affection.

"You're going to hate yourself tomorrow," Will added. Hannibal frowned at Will for a second before focusing his attention back on pattern making. Will was almost asleep when Hannibal decided to move and kiss Will's cheek, "I love you, Will."

"I know, Hannibal"

End Notes

This ended up shorter than I was hoping

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